Majesty in Misery,

Or an Imploration to the

KING OF KINGS;

Written by His late Majesty King *Charles* the First, in his durance at *Carisbrook* Castle, 1648.

GReat Monarch of the World, from whose arm springs
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe, my Sufferings:
And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's Seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.
Nature and Law by thy Divine Decree,
The only work of righteous Loyalty,
With this dim Diadem invested me.
With it the sacred Sceptre, purple Robe,
Thy holy Unction, and the Royal Globe,
Yet I am level'd with the life of Job.
The fiercest furies that do daily tread,
Upon my grief, my gray disherwned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their Bread.
They raise a War, and shuffle in the cause,
Whilst Sacrilegious pearlers have applause,
Plunder and Murther are the Kingdom's Laws.
Tyranny bears the Title of Taxation,
Revenge and Robbery are Reformation,
Oppression gains the name of Sequestration.
My Loyal Subject who in this bad season
Attended me, (by the Law of God and Reason)
They dare impeach and punish for High-Treason.
Next at the Clergy do their furies frown,
Pious Episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the Crozier and Crown.
Church-men are chain'd, and Schismaticks are free'd,
Mechanicks preach, and holy Fathers bleed,
The Crown is crucified with the Creed.

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The Church of *England* does all Faction foster,
The Pulpits is usurp'd by each Impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater Noster*.
The Presbyter and Independent's Seed,
Springs from broad Blades to make Religion bleed,
Herod and *Pontius Pilate* are agreed.
The corner Stones must plaid'd by every Party,
With such a bloody Method and Behaviour,
Their Ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.
My Royal Consort from whose fruitful Womb,
So many Princes have in time,
Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.
Great Britain's Heir is forced into *France*,
Whilst on his Father's Head his Foes advance,
Poor Child! he weeps out his Inheritance.
With my own Power my Majesty they wounds,
In the King's name the King himself's uncrown'd,
So doth the dust destroy the Diamond.
With Propositions daily they inchant
My Peoples Ears, such as due Reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.
They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
To make me great, t' advance my Diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them.
But for Refusal they devour my Thrones,
Distress my Children, and destroy my Bones,
I fear they'll force me to make Bread of Stones.
My Life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw Bills of Hate,
To prove the King a Traitor to the State.
Felons attain more Priviledge than I,
They are allow'd to answer e'er they die,
'Tis death to me to ask the reason why.
But sacred Saviour with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st do not know what they do?
For since they from the Lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn the Edict he appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?
Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,
Preserve my *Issue*, and inspire my Mate,
Yet though we perish, bless this Church and State.

Vota dabant quæ bella negarunt.

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